

In Which The Boys are Her Boys by the-singular-peep

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Summary: In the small while that Eleven had come back into their lives, the girl had been staying with Karen and Holly during school hours. Every day, picking the party up from school was the most important part of the day. [IN WHICH EVERYTHING IS OKAY SERIES. COMPLETE. PT 8/?. PART 7: "IN WHICH HOPPER IS A GOOD PAPA."]

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January 15, 1985. Tuesday.

"When are we getting my boys?"

Karen startled, almost spitting out her tea and spilling a little bit of macaroni onto Holly's chest instead of into her mouth. She had almost forgotten the normally silent girl was there. She looked over to Eleven who sat across the table, swinging her feet and paying more attention to her lunch than to Karen.

"What?" The woman said, taking a papertowel and absently dabbing her baby girl's chest from the spilled food. Holly made an aggravated noise and pushed at her mother's hand.

"My boys. When?" Eleven said again plainly, wiping her hands on her dress. Karen really should try and teach this child table manners.

In the small while that Eleven had come back into their lives; the small time that Karen had known about her and had been convinced not to call the police by both her son and the chief himself, the girl had been staying with her and Holly during school hours. Hopper hated leaving her home alone now, and the boys couldn't play with her while they were at school, and, because she couldn't go out and explore or go to school because of her situation, at least for the next year, Karen would keep her. At least two days a week, just so Hopper knew Eleven wasn't cooped up alone all the time. She would watch, and feed, and teach the girl all she could at her home on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Eleven and Holly got along well, and Karen really didn't mind having another mouth to feed from eight o'clock to three. Eleven liked to help her with laundry, and dishes, and would even try to hold a conversation from time to time. You know, after she started speaking to Karen. (That took a good seven days before she was comfortable enough to talk.) But in that small while, Eleven had never asked that.

"Your boys?"

"My boys. Go get them soon?" Eleven actually looked up from her pasta this time, concerned eyes reaching her babysitter's. "Bored."

Karen stifled a laugh. Eleven, being a twelve year old with an extremely limited vocabulary, had claimed Mike and his friends as her own. And, honestly, Karen thought this was quite endearing.

"We'll go get your boys soon, El. At three, remember? Three o'clock."

"3-0-0. Get my boys." The girl said happily, looking back to her meal and picking it apart with her fingers before plopping some messily into her mouth. Karen smiled and shook her head.

"Use your fork, dear."